A Congratulatory Poem

Dedicated to

His MAJESTY,

On the Late

Gracious Declaration.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

By a Person of Quality.

THe *Gallick King* to whom his *Subjects* raise
Admired Trophe's of their awful Praise,
His highest Epithite must now resign,
Since, of all Monarchs, Ours is most Divine.
His *Sep'ratists* he would compel by Arms,
Whilst You win Yours by Force of Pious Charms.
This rigid Sects do sev'rally Confess
And, Calm'd their Temper, your Indulgence Bless.
These who before did *Kingship* disallow,
Your powerful *Grace* has chang'd to *Converts* Now.
Their restless Souls so Sacredly you ease,
As they're Oblig'd to blame their past Disease:
And Taxe their Hearts, and the Secluding Bill,
Because against your Conscience cheifly Ill.
Who'll not expect that next their Souls should pay,
Homage unto their King the neareſt Way:
And Judge the Liberty that he hath Given,
Ought to Invite their Union unto Heaven.

The

A Congratulatory Poem

Dedicated to

His MAJESTY,

On the Late

Gracious Declaration.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

By a Person of Quality.

THe *Gallick King* to whom his *Subjects* raise
Admired Trophe's of their awful Praise,
His highest Epithite must now resign,
Since, of all Monarchs, Ours is most Divine.
His *Sep'ratists* he would compel by Arms,
Whilst You win Yours by Force of Pious Charms.
This rigid Sects do sev'rally Confess
And, Calm'd their Temper, your Indulgence Bless.
These who before did *Kingship* disallow,
Your powerful *Grace* has chang'd to *Converts* Now.
Their restless Souls so Sacredly you ease,
As they're Oblig'd to blame their past Disease:
And Taxe their Hearts, and the Secluding Bill,
Because against your Conscience cheifly Ill.
Who'll not expect that next their Souls should pay,
Homage unto their King the nearest Way:
And Judge the Liberty that he hath Given,
Ought to Invite their Union unto Heaven.

The

The *Atheiſt* who would Providence Diſtruſt,
Or that Heavens Care Preſerves, and aids the Juſt,
Muſt, for your ſake, his ſtupid Sin diſown,
And ſee how Wonders raiſ'd You to a Throne.
Through Seas and Perils, and worſt Storms of State,
Heaven was your Guide to Vanquiſh Total Fate:
And but ſuch Temp'ral Sufferings did Convey,
That you might Merit an Immortal Way.
Your Sacred Gifts ſtupendiouſly Improve
At once your Subjects Piety and Love:
Who now their former Tenents ſo Subdue,
As they Judge (more then ever) Your *Faith* True.
The Factious Patrons that Pretenſions draw
From hardeſt Senſe of the diſputed Law;
Muſt ſoon concede, that by a kinder Claim,
Prerogative deſerves a Legal Fame.
This Teſt, Great Sir, ſo candidly has paſt,
As 'tis hop'd to'ther 'twill revoke at Laſt;
For who will not obſequiouſly Undo,
An Inconvenience when Condemn'd by You.
Well may this Powerful Motive Votes abate,
Whoſe Fervors elſe muſt needs Perplex the State.
Nor ever did Juſt Soveragin Law Reſtrain,
But for Redreſs which Subjects thence Obtain:
And tells how ſafe Our King we might Obey,
Had we no other Law than what He'd Say.

LONDON, Printed, 1687.